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Party System in the United States, has appeared within the year. To the latter the evils of the party system utterly condemn it. To Mr. Bryce the conditions, admittedly evil, do not warrant the advocacy of so radical a remedy. He prefers to leave the building of theories to others, but no more reliable basis upon which to build could be found than that so ably laid in his great commentary, which has exerted so large an influence in encouraging scientific investigation and in promoting reasonable action.

R. GRANVILLE CAMPBELL.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. By Euripides. ŒDIPUS REX. By Sophocles. Translated by Prof. Gilbert Murray. The Oxford University Press.

In these days when a knowledge of the Greek language is becoming every day more confined to a narrow circle of specialists—when even a smattering of Greek is no longer an essential part of a liberal education—good translations from the classics become more important. We cannot afford to lose our hold upon Greek literature and art. They are the one perfect inheritance of mankind, the everlasting examples of faultless taste combined with creative power. Great works have been produced that owed nothing to their influence, though it is not likely that any work of art or literature produced in Europe or America within two thousand years would be what it is, had Greece never lived. But the further we get from Greece, the further we get from perfection of form, from serenity and justness of view. However wildly we may break away from what we may deem the burdensome shackles of classic art, the time is sure to come when we return to its everlasting models as the true standards, both for form and substance. Sometimes we imitate them too slavishly; but if we get too far away we are sure to sink into formlessness and unreason. They are a beacon that we should keep ever before our eyes. We may wander in pleasant paths of dalliance, but as long as that beacon is in sight, we know in which direction we can find the road to safety.

It is a misfortune not to know Greek. Every one who loves perfection of form should study it; but the mastery of a language so remote from our own demands long and patient labor,

and there are few who, in our hurried modern life, have either the time or the patience for such a task. Still, we must not lose our hold on Greek culture; and for most of us the only hope is in the translator. He who translates well one of the great classics of Hellas is a benefactor of our race whose name should not be forgotten. Some years ago Professor Gilbert Murray, now of Oxford, took up the translation of Euripides; and he has translated a number of the Euripidean dramas with a felicity that must make them English classics. His medium is the rhymed heroic line, which seems hopeless when we consider how stiff and lifeless the mighty epics of Homer appear when clothed by Pope in that artificial garb. For the purpose of drama it seems even more inappropriate. But in Professor Murray's hands it acquires an unexampled flexibility. The rhyme does not hamper the movement of the verse any more than the necessity of keeping time with the music hampers the grace of the dancer. The verse seems as free as prose, yet the rhyme is delightful to the ear. We feel that if Euripides had written in English, it is thus that he would have expressed himself. All other translations of his works are superseded by these, which are so felicitous that they are not likely ever to be surpassed.

To the modern taste, Euripides is the most attractive of all the Greek tragedians, and judging by the number of his plays preserved, we may believe that he was the most popular in later days among the ancients. He lacks the sublimity of Æschylus, the restrained perfection of form of Sophocles; but he is far more human. His plays speak to the great sympathetic heart of humanity, which is the same through all the ages, and they teach us that the men and women of Greece were, after all, strangely like the men and women of to-day. He is particularly the poet of women, making a woman and her woes nearly always the centre of interest, in striking contrast with his great rivals, who wrote for men only, and whose female characters are of subordinate interest. Some of these women are terrible, like Medea; but mostly they fill us with sympathy, even the ill-starred Phædra; while some of them, such as Alcestis and Iphigenia in Aulis, are unsurpassed in the beauty of their characters. And the poet who devoted his genius to the delineation

of woman could not be blind to the chief passion that she inspires and the one that she feels the most. Love, which Æschylus and Sophocles deemed unworthy of a place upon the stage, is most often the mainspring of the Euripidean tragedy, and brings it close to the drama of to-day.

The choruses of Euripides are of a peculiar and haunting beauty. They are not dithyrambic and gorgeous, like those of Æschylus. They are not closely interwoven with the action, like those of Sophocles. They are exquisite gems of lyric poetry that can often be detached from the play with no loss of charm. The singular fluency of Professor Murray, which enables him to make translations that have all the appearance of springing from his own mind and which yet preserve their fidelity to the original, enables him to present the lovely lyrics in most delightful form.

The last of Professor Murray's translations from Euripides is the *Iphigenia in Tauris*. This is hardly a tragedy according to our modern conceptions, since all ends well in the healing of Orestes and the return of Iphigenia to her Grecian home; but it is a noble play, full of beauty and sustained power. The author has been much abused for bringing in Athena to save the fugitives; but, as Professor Murray justly says, we must remember that the drama was written for an Athenian audience, who delighted to see their tutelary goddess appear as the protector and preserver, who believed in her existence and loved to witness the manifestations of her beneficence. He might as well have let the Greeks succeed in their attempt to escape. He brings them back merely to show the power and goodness of Athena, to please his audience. It is not a want of structural skill. He does not through incapacity get his people into a fix from which only a god can extricate them, as has been suggested often. He purposely creates a situation where the favorite object of Athenian worship may appear to advantage.

Professor Murray has turned aside from his chosen task to translate the *Ædipus Rex* of Sophocles. Here we are in a different field. The greater severity and self-restraint of the dramatist are apparent at a glance. Instead of the luxurious style of Euripides we have a work clear-cut as chiseled marble. Rhyme,

which adds so much to our comprehension of the luscious style of the younger man, is here less essential. We feel that with blank verse alone the translator might produce his full effect. We are sure that in any other hands than those of Professor Murray rhyme would prove an offence. He handles his verse with such skill, however, that the rhyme is only an ornament, though perchance one that is unnecessary. We cannot claim for his translation of the *Ædipus* the unquestioned supremacy that belongs to his versions of Euripides. Still, we believe it is the best that has appeared in English. Certainly it is most readable. We slip from scene to scene, watching the unfolding of the tremendous plot, and before we are aware of it we are at the end, following the blind king as he staggers despairing from the scene of his unwitting crimes. As the *Ædipus Rex* is the most perfect in form of the ancient tragedies, this delightful translation of it is indeed a boon. Before Professor Murray returns to his beloved Euripides, let us hope that he will give us an inspired version of the greatest of all the Greek tragedies — indeed, the greatest of all tragedies, unless it be *Macbeth* — the *Agamemnon*.

GEORGE B. ROSE.

EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1911.

On picking up the two volumes comprising this work the reader's first impression is that the author might have said what he had to say in fewer words. After reading a few chapters he is convinced that his first impression was right. Once reconciled, however, to the luxury of the language, one has no trouble to find ideas, plenty of them, and there is never any doubt about the meaning. The style is clear, ornate, and entertaining. If the reader is in no hurry he will enjoy all of it. He will not agree with everything said. It is doubtful if the author expected people to believe all he said. He seems to indulge in the sort of oratorical extravagance which seeks by long sweeps to move through short distances; and perhaps this is justifiable.

If it were not for the introduction it is difficult to say whether the reader would think that the outlook for humanity was hope-